

THE CANADIAN FORUM



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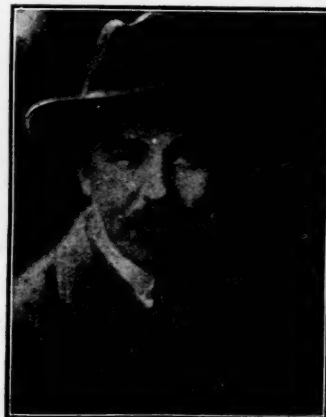
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CHRISTMAS time has come again, but the approaching festival arouses far different reflections from those which it suggested before the war. The memory of four war Christmases is with us still. The guns have disappeared from Flanders fields, but the crosses, white and black, remain; the nations have ratified their treaties, but they are not at peace: most of our children will have food, clothes and good cheer in spite of the present depression in business, but millions of children throughout Central Europe and Russia, innocent victims of the catastrophe, will suffer and perhaps die from hunger and cold. Nor is their suffering due to the destruction of the world's productive powers. The forgiving earth has been bountiful: the granaries of North America are full and running over: and for hunger in Europe the acts of men alone are responsible. How immensely remote and unreal seem the days when Christmas bells chiming through frosty air suggested only thoughts of peace on earth, good will towards men: when each revolving year strengthened the bonds of international friendship: and when most men still believed, in their inmost hearts, the wisdom of the splendid, daring advice, "Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you . . . If thine enemy hunger, feed him!"—But did we really believe that?

THIS is an appeal for children—for the children of Central Europe. Time will restore their countries, but if we leave all to the work of time and economic forces, many will perish in the meantime and only a weakened and embittered generation will survive. Nowhere in the world can we find a more urgent duty to our neighbour: common humanity calls for our help. The spread of tuberculosis, rickets and starvation over the former European belligerent countries can be arrested by gifts from this continent, which is, of all parts of the world, the most able to offer them. For a year or more already, relief agencies have been at work with magnificent results in the saving of life. Nothing has done so much to lessen the bitterness caused by the war as the aid thus freely given to the children of our former enemies. We cannot ignore the present appeal for our contributions. The man or woman who lives without care, unmindful of the undeserved misery which he or she could relieve, who lives com-

fortably with the superfluities of life but does nothing to help the children who are suffering for lack of its necessities, is not a good citizen of the world. So far as international relations come within the ordinary person's sphere of action, such a one has failed in duty to his or her own country. Our table may be piled with Christmas delicacies: our children's stockings may be filled with the gifts of Santa Claus: the fire may sparkle cheerfully upon the hearth, while sleigh-bells jingle without: but unless we have given generously to relieve the need of the hungry children across the seas, there is a skeleton at the feast.

THE Federal Minister of Labour has committed another amazing indiscretion. But Senator Gideon Robertson is seldom regular. In the first place he accepted a Cabinet position without an appeal to the people. An undemocratic proceeding in any case, access to the treasury benches by the easy route of the Senate for a Minister of Labour is a device as absurd as it is pusillanimous. Then we had the famous pamphlet inserted in the *Labour Gazette*. A previously scientific publication thus was dragged into the slough of propaganda, and propaganda of a particularly silly kind. More recently the Senator has returned to the paths of science. With the tariff commission he has been touring the country in order to discover what a scientific tariff really is. The commission had not yet completed its inquiry when the bye-election occurred in East Elgin. Important industries in Ontario were waiting for investigation. But Senator Robertson turned aside from the path of his enquiry, and stayed long enough to give an emphatic verdict at St. Thomas in favour of protection. Now that the verdict is given he is at leisure to consider the evidence in the case. The ease with which the part of judge was laid aside and resumed discredits alike the man and the commission.

EAST ELGIN leaves the riddle of Canadian public opinion still unanswered. It is rash to conclude that the doom of the fledgling National Liberal and Conservative Government has been sealed. While winning by a majority of 256 in a three-cornered contest the candidate of the United Farmers received only thirty per cent of the total possible vote and thirty-nine per cent of the actual

vote polled. Yet very few constituencies in Eastern Canada have a larger proportion of rural voters. Even in the townships the combined Liberal and Conservative vote (we shall be pardoned for simplifying, the name) exceeded that of the farmer candidate, while in the town of Aylmer and the village of Port Stanley, Mr. McDermind's vote was 107 to 1,482 for his opponents. The result would seem to indicate,—if a close three cornered contest, pending a system of transferable votes, can indicate anything,—that a farmer government in Ottawa is hardly possible. The best that Mr. Crerar can hope for is to lead a hyphenated administration unless a wider appeal is made to urban voters or unless something happens in Quebec. But if East Elgin fails to justify elation among the farmers, it can bring only gloom to government circles. The presence in the riding of four cabinet ministers, a dozen members and a host of agents and speakers, even the second coming of the Premier himself, failed to instil fear of imminent national disruption into the breasts of more than twenty-seven per cent of the electors. The effect of frantic appeals from platform, bill-boards and press must be discouraging to these saviours of the social and political order. The largest section of the electors preferred to be numbered with the wreckers, while an even 2,000 chose the more innocent policies of the Liberals. With the tariff as the main issue, a riding which in 1911 rejected reciprocity by a majority of 394 has now given a verdict in favour of tariff reduction by a majority of 2,261. This is the significant fact of the election.

BY starving her industries and overworking her miners, Germany has succeeded in maintaining the coal deliveries agreed to at Spa. France however still manages to postpone the conference on indemnities that should have assembled at Geneva weeks ago; and meanwhile the situation in Germany grows worse. The miners demand nationalization and threaten a general strike; the military party dreams of another *putsch*; and from Bavaria, where General Ludendorff lives in by no means innocuous retirement, come persistent rumours of a plot to form an independent monarchy with Prince Rupprecht on the throne. That the French government, still hopeful of dismembering Germany, approves this movement is evidenced by the fact that, while all the rest of the population is being disarmed, the Bavarian *Einwohnerwehr* (the reactionary police formation whose demobilization was insisted on at Spa) is permitted to retain its rifles. It has been suggested that the French government seeks ultimately to unite Bavaria and the Rhine provinces under the same monarchy, and it is even said that Austria may be included. Such a proposal might indeed appeal to the clerical government now in power at Vienna, but it would certainly arouse the passionate opposition of the

Austrian socialists who have already declared for union with republican Germany. None of these schemes seems likely to succeed; the worst of them is that they postpone the day of resettlement.

IN Hungary also the government of the French Republic reveals itself as the upholder of the legitimist principle, as witness the recurring proposals to restore the Habsburgs, or failing them some other unemployed royalty, to the throne of St. Stephen. Hungary is now so completely under French influence (her railways are in French hands, and her army, which exceeds by four times the figure permitted in the treaty, is equipped by France) that the Hungarian government would not dare to play so dangerous a game without the approval of its French masters. And here there seems to be a fair prospect of success. For many months Hungary has been in the grip of an atrocious reaction. White Guards composed, like the Black and Tans, of ex-officers, commit outrages in the streets of Budapest of the type that is becoming usual, and the government, probably secretly sympathizing, makes no attempt to control them. Only a few weeks ago Adolf Landau, a wholesale wine merchant, was kidnapped and held for ransom. His family appealed to the minister of justice, who replied "These cases are daily occurrences. I cannot interfere". A few days later it was announced that Landau had committed suicide. Subsequently it was proved that he had been beaten to death in his cell in the Kelenfoeld Barracks. In face of this terror the liberals of Hungary have become so disorganized that in all probability no body of public opinion would rally to oppose a restoration.

IN the hour of his downfall M. Venizelos has shown dignity and equanimity. That was to be expected; for M. Venizelos is a great man and his career has at least been cast in the mould of a great tradition. And because to-day it is nothing more than a tradition, he has chosen like his prototype Themistocles to seek sanctuary in a strange land. M. Venizelos calls himself a liberal; he is in fact the product of nineteenth century nationalism. His ideals are the ideals of Cavour; his methods, the methods of Bismarck. For him the voice of God is the voice, not of the people, but of that metaphysical abstraction, the nation-state; Greece, not the Greeks, has inspired his dreams. In other days M. Venizelos would have been hailed by his fellow-countrymen as one of the makers of the nation; to-day he is an exile. It is childish to talk of ingratitude; we are no longer living in the nineteenth century. The old gods are falling one by one; the last great survivor of the priestly caste is buried in the ruins; only the acolytes remain. In power M. Venizelos was at best a splendid anachronism: in defeat he is one of the really significant figures of our time.

THE peace that has been signed between Poland and Russia realizes many of the extravagant dreams of the Polish imperialists. The Soviet government in its anxiety to reach an agreement has relinquished thousands of square miles of territory to which Poland has no shadow of an ethnographic claim; and many hundreds of thousands, even millions, of Russian men and women thus become the unwilling subjects of the Polish state. Such an arrangement is worse than temporary; it is another obstacle to the ultimate pacification of Europe. But the situation in Russia demanded peace, even an illusive peace, at any price. The shadow of a famine, at least as terrible as the Chinese famine (of which for political reasons we hear far more) hangs over the land; and the scanty transport, now for many months monopolized by the army, had to be made available for the distribution of food. Moreover a trade agreement with England seemed to be out of the question as long as Poland chose to continue the war, and Wrangel, too, remained to be disposed of. So the Bolsheviks, who long ago discarded sentiment in favour of a genuine *real politik*, have paid Poland's price; and a second Brest Litovsk, with our Polish allies in the role of the sabre-rattling Prussian, is the result.

IN spite of recognition by France, in spite of reinforcements and munitions, the much eulogized General Wrangel has at last gone the way of his predecessors, Generals Judenitch and Denikine, not to speak of Admiral Kotchak. One would think that the group of English and French financiers and their Tsarist friends (including Mr. Winston Churchill) who have devised this very costly and very bloody method of destroying Bolshevism, would be somewhat discouraged. Apparently they are not; for a recent despatch announces that a new strong man (really more of a democrat after all, it appears, than General Baron von Wrangel) is even now engaged in rallying the scattered white forces. His name? That is prudently withheld; for the moment we must content ourselves with the assurance that the sacred cause is in capable hands. Surely it is high time that a stop was put to this sort of nonsense. The experience of the last eighteen months should have taught us that there are only two ways of destroying Bolshevism; one is by fighting it, not vicariously, but directly and with all the power at our command; the other is by leaving it to destroy itself. For certain obvious reasons the first course is out of the question; the second, if Bolshevism is really the incompetent tyranny of a minority that our newspapers tell us it is, should be perfectly efficacious. The simple truth is that the Soviet government as a government has thrived on Wrangel and his kind; each reactionary intrigue has served only to unite the wrtched people in its support.

There is a story that Lenin, who, for an ogre, seems to be fond of his little joke, sent a message a few months ago to Mr. Winston Churchill expressing a desire to decorate him for his services in consolidating Bolshevik rule. Probably by this time he would be willing to add a clasp to the ribbon.

THE Conservation Committee of the City of Sarnia acquired valuable funds for the Red Cross during the war by the collection and sale of waste paper. At the close of the war the committee by an extremely happy inspiration decided to devote these funds to the cause of Canadian art. Accordingly about a year ago they invited an exhibition from Toronto which was held in the City Library and aroused considerable interest, Canadian pictures being a complete novelty in this as in practically all other Canadian cities. Not only was the exhibition a success, attended by individual purchases; the Committee further decided to commence buying for a permanent Canadian collection. They bought canvases by J. W. Beatty, H. S. Palmer, and A. Y. Jackson, all representative and the Jackson an unusually fine example. Their second annual exhibition is now being held. The people of Sarnia, adults and children, are enjoying the direct impact of Tom Thomson's masterpiece, "Chill November", and of a well chosen group of smaller pictures. Judging by appearances there can be nothing for it but an art gallery for Sarnia in the not distant future with a predominantly, perhaps exclusively, Canadian collection. If the Committee continues its good work in the spirit in which it has begun, art-lovers—and all tourists ask for art galleries whatever they ask for at home—will go to Sarnia to see the best Canadians as they go in Switzerland to Davos to see the Segantinis. The importance of what is happening in Sarnia is hard to exaggerate for those who care for things of the Canadian mind. As our reviewer in this issue says, "We seem to have the painters", and yet they have remained unknown hitherto to the country at large. Sarnia is the breach in the line. If it is followed, as it can hardly fail to be, by other small cities the credit of solving the problem of Canadian art for Canadians will go to the small cities and not to the big ones. Sarnia has been the first city to show that civic pride can be enlisted in this admirable cause. We can only say, "Go on and prosper".

[We regret that we omitted to state in our review in No. 1 of THE CANADIAN FORUM of G. H. Well's *Outline of History* that it is published by The Macmillan Company of Canada in two volumes.]

FRENCH IN THE SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO

THE question of the French language in Ontario seems to be a difficult one to handle. There was a time in the history of the Province when it was grappled with fairly and frankly, but no one seems willing in this generation to touch it except with the uncouth antics of a caricaturist or the passion of a fanatic. Yet it would seem to be in the interests of all concerned to face the facts. For the moment leave out of account that the French language is the cherished instrument of diplomacy, of science, and of the arts. It remains that in the Province of Ontario one-tenth of our population is of French origin, from forty to fifty thousand of our children are studying French, French is an official language of the Dominion and the mother tongue of one-third of our fellow-citizens, who are contributing in no mean degree to the prosperity and happiness of the nation. Under the circumstances the people of Ontario might well be pardoned for taking a very warm interest in the question that concerns their welfare so intimately.

Good old Father Ontario will reply at once, however, and with some heat that he is paying somebody else to look after that matter and that, as he has vested his eternal interests in his parson, and goes to church on Sunday to cash his religious debenture coupons, and to see that everything is all right, so he has handed over to the system the educational interests of his children. He has the same confidence in the system as he has in the church, and sends his children to school as many week days as possible in order that they may collect the educational interest on his investments. At this point, however, to everybody's confusion, in jumps the caricaturist, literary, political, religious, or social; and the greatest of these is the political, for he plays upon the passion of all the others and bedevils the general interest for the sake of a perverted personal gain. After that, it takes a strong man to save the situation. The Augean stables waited a long time for their cleanser; the educational mews of Ontario still expect their Heracles.

Too long in Ontario the French language question has been the victim of terrible *arrière-pensées*. Fanaticisms of all sorts have battened upon it, religious, racial, and educational, and politicians have fed upon these fanaticisms and lived by them. Yet this question, regarded rightly, has no place in politics at all. It is an educational question which concerns a mixed race to be sure, but which in itself has nothing to do with creed or with party or with race. It is a national question of the gravest import and it has been grossly mishandled. It can not be believed that were the people of the province once in full possession

of the facts they would not demand for it an immediate and rational solution.

What is the question?

It is this. There are 600,000 children in Ontario attending our elementary and secondary schools. What part is French to play in their education? It does not matter that a certain number of these children are of French parentage and hear no English in their homes, the question remains the same. In the case of these children the question becomes complicated and acute because they must learn English. Everyone, including the French-speaking Canadian, accepts that statement. But this complication with all its possibilities of misunderstanding and friction imposes upon us the need for great sympathy and generosity so that the main purpose may be achieved, namely, the education of every child in the Province. Our ideals are the same whether we are of English speech or of French speech. The important point is so to train our children that as the demands of life meet them they will act with intelligence, honour and reverence. As one watches the development of our public life one may well ask whether our educational system has done what it might during the last twenty years to inspire youth with notions of right and generous conduct.

There are those who will say that the question is not quite so simple as that; so certainly will tortuous minds allow all sorts of side issues to confuse the simplest propositions. Perhaps the question would be more readily recognized if we said that it was a matter, first, of French as a subject of study in High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, and secondly, of French in bi-lingual schools, that is in schools where French is the language of a considerable proportion of the children. But this method of statement at once involves us in fog by bringing into play a set of terms that represents a system of which we desire to correct the imperfections and a conflict of ideals which it is desirable to harmonize. If the French language and literature have any value at all as a subject of study—and what sane man of English speech denies that after his native idiom the most valuable acquisition he can make is a knowledge of French—Ontario has incomparable advantages for the easy realization of a new educational ideal. The French-speaking Canadian possesses the qualities of his ancestral stock, its idealism, its emotionalism, its practical sense, and its devoutness. Nothing but good could come from an effort to understand him and to make the best of his great virtues for personal and national ends. For the purposes, then, of a common citizenship the question should be put in this way—what is to be the position of French in our schools?

The position of French in schools of French-speaking communities should not be difficult to settle in a spirit of justice and enlightenment. The English-speaking inhabitants of the Province of Quebec enjoy every liberty in the study of their own language and literature. Until thirty years ago the French-speaking people of Ontario were treated in the same spirit of fair play. The time is about ripe now for a return to earlier sanity. No right-thinking person desires to see the French-speaking child deprived of the possibility of obtaining an adequate training in his mother tongue. Every provision should be made for teaching him to write and speak French correctly. Ungenerous treatment in this respect must continue to create nothing but hard feeling. On the other hand generous treatment will stimulate and assist the child even in the study of English which, of course, must be insisted upon. It is not necessary nor advisable that French be driven out as English is brought in. More rapid progress will be made by studying the two languages side by side than by the study of either one alone. But neither pupil nor teacher should be hampered by petty or stupid regulations applied in a rigid and tyrannous manner. Let results speak and let room be left for some freedom of action in the production of such results. During the last decade regulations have been in force for the purpose of bringing uniformity into the situation. The result is greater confusion than ever existed before.

The truth is that there is no uniformity in the training of children in either English or French in the schools of French-speaking communities in the province. In spite of regulations the greatest diversity prevails. In many of these schools little or no training is given in English and in many of them the training in French is most inadequate. Strangest of all, in Ottawa, where an honest effort is being made, and successfully made, to comply with the spirit of the law, the law itself has been invoked to produce so scandalous a situation, that the school population may be said to be houseless, penniless, and renegade, altogether beyond the pale, and incapable of self help because of the paralysing effect of the law itself, which is thoroughly punitive without being corrective.

We are not concerned with the question of instruction merely. The qualification of teachers is also of prime importance. Here again is need for the exercise of the greatest wisdom. Many of these French children in the past could scarcely have received any training had it not been for the devotion and heroism of many teachers who are not completely qualified so far as certificates show qualification. A change in this respect should be brought about gradually. The standard required of teachers in French schools should eventually be made uniform with that required in English-speaking schools. And every teacher of inferior grade should be expected within a reasonable time to take advantage of the

opportunities that would be offered to enable him to qualify under the higher standards.

But the large benefits possible from our unique position in Ontario would not accrue to our people without a change in the position of French in all the public schools so as to bring them in line with the suggested reforms in the public schools of French-speaking communities. Here one may be permitted to be brief. Provision should be made for the teaching of French in all our elementary schools. In the upper forms of these schools, children are at the proper age for the beginning of the study of language, and the introduction of such a provision would give an incalculable enrichment to their opportunities. At least it should be obligatory for the school board to provide for the teaching of French in any elementary school when requested to do so by a certain proportion of the rate-payers. Such a step would bring into the aridity of our present school system a breath of humanism that would change its aspect completely. It would have, in addition, the very practical value of furnishing some opportunity to the child to acquire a speaking knowledge of the language, at least by the time he had passed through a high school or a Collegiate Institute. With a long overdue rearrangement of the time-table, the ever improving teaching of French in our High Schools would be still further bettered and these schools would become more adequate to the needs of French as well as of English speaking children.

Sentiment in Ontario is undergoing a change. It is open to doubt whether the national mind of the people of the province was ever incorporated in our regulations concerning the teaching of French. It is unfortunately true that the mind of a certain section of our people is fairly well represented in our regulations. But the old truculence is passing away, the grip of old parties and of perverse opinion is loosened. The idea that the French in Canada are a minority without rights or even claim to consideration and, "Damn them, let them learn English if they want to be decent people," is giving place to a spirit of intelligence, understanding, and a desire for fair play. Ontario knows that Quebec has made use of opportunities which she herself has slighted. For a score of years Ontario has acted as if it felt few of the compulsions of culture, curiosity, or courtesy, with the result that it has enjoyed business while Quebec has enjoyed the virtues. The ultimate result, however, will be that Quebec will enjoy both the virtues and the business unless Ontario wakes up. That is the opinion to-day of many thoughtful and far-sighted citizens of the province. What, then, is our duty in this one matter of French in our schools? It is to readjust our regulations so that it will be possible for all children to receive an adequate training in English and French. The readjustment will embrace teachers' certificates, programmes of studies and time-table

arrangements, so that our motto will be realized of English for everybody, French for those who wish it.

J. S. WILL.

Proportional Representation and the Winnipeg Election

THERE has grown up in the popular mind a doctrine of the absolute right of a majority to rule. Mr. Balfour during the South African war told Mr. Lloyd George that he must take the consequences if he withstood the popular will. In other words minorities are disfranchised. But the truth is that security for the minority is of the essence of political freedom.

Recently another question has emerged. Representation of economic groups in the legislature has been declared to be un-British simply because it is unfamiliar. On the contrary it must be held that British parliamentary history starts with and proceeds by class representation.

Originally the Great Council, technically, at least, included those who swore direct allegiance to the king, but it soon proved too unwieldy. Selection became inevitable. The greater barons were still summoned personally to the King's Council, afterwards forming the House of Lords, and the remainder were left out. Exigencies of taxation, however, required the aid of the other classes, and so steps were taken to secure their "re-presentation". Writs were issued calling on county officers to "cause to come" certain knights of the shire "with the power of the community". Primarily they were summoned to represent freemen, but in fact they represented an economic group. Thus the smaller land owners were given representation as such. Similarly town authorities were called on to "cause to come" certain burgesses who would represent the commercial classes. Thus one class was left with its entire membership in the legislature while other classes were one by one vested with the right of being represented by selected persons by whose acts the community would be bound.

Two limitations developed. The one was the taking of legislative power from the bulk of the citizens, and this limitation is being overcome by the grant of Direct Legislation in the Initiative and the Referendum. The other was that with the growth of new conditions the legislature came to represent only certain classes of freemen while others were ignored. Recently a widening gulf has appeared between government and populace; and it is essential that every class of the people shall be assured that its interest and viewpoint is present, even if by re-presentation, in the legislature.

The members then, at first, were selected by county or town authority or other selected persons.

Quite conceivably this might provide members who were more truly representative of the community than the selection made more or less secretly by the inner circle of the modern party caucus. But in 1832 Mr. Disraeli warned the nation that it was about to exchange "representation without election for election without representation." Nineteenth century political history has partly verified this prediction, and the time has come to secure that the legislature as a whole shall represent the community as a whole by providing that due weight is given to each important class of the people. Either there must be adequate class representation or there will be class feud.

To meet this need political thinkers have been advocating for more than forty years the adoption of a different scheme of election. Prior to Gladstone's last Franchise Act minorities were specially assured of representation. One member resigned from the cabinet when this was abolished. Since that time the most serious men on both sides of British politics have accepted the principle and lately it was made the central feature of the agreed programme of the Speaker's Conference. Owing to the urgent need of a strong party majority at the last election Mr. Lloyd George repudiated this element of the agreement and despite the repeated protests of the Peers he induced a majority of the Commons to forego the arrangement. Proportional Representation is much more than a fad, and it may fairly claim that support is given to it just in proportion to the disinterested attention paid to the proposal.

Instead of describing the scheme in the abstract one may find a perfect example of its working in the recent election by the Winnipeg district of ten members of the legislature. The central feature of Proportional Representation is the abolition of one member constituencies, and the organization of electors into larger groups which will elect not less than five members, who are chosen by a process which ensures that the elected members will exactly represent the proportional strength of the various parties. This is secured by giving each elector one vote with the right to declare for whom it is to be counted in case his first preference has enough other votes to elect him. The result is that it is impossible for any considerable group to be without some member elected by its votes. No elector can say that he has "lost his vote" unless he belongs to a very small group and refuses to express a second choice.

In the case of Winnipeg the area was large enough to be assigned ten members. Liberals, Conservatives and Labor each placed ten candidates in the field. In addition there were eleven other candidates who, as the result proved, represented not many people beside their own friends. But the second choice of those who supported these candidates might be as influential as if the independent candidates had been

left off the ballot paper. The elector in each case marks his ballot by writing the figure 1 against the name of his first choice, 2 against the name of the person whom he would prefer if his first choice should be already elected, 3 for his third choice, and so on. The elector has no difficulty in voting. Indeed he is saved from many a dilemma which now confronts him.

But it is otherwise with the counting. This requires the aid of men who know the rules of the count, which however are simple and explicit. The first thing to do is to see that all the voting papers are thoroughly mixed so that a thousand papers picked from one part of the pile will be similar to a thousand from another part. The next thing is to count the ballots and record them according to the first choice marked on each. This count reveals the total number of ballots to be registered after deducting spoiled papers, and in Winnipeg the spoiled papers were but 1.7% of the whole. It also indicates the number of votes which are entitled to be represented by a member. Obviously this number will be the lowest number which could not be given to more than ten candidates. The total votes cast was 47,427. If this be divided by 11 it yields the quotient 4,311. If we add 1 to this we have a number which cannot be repeated eleven times in the total. Thus it was settled that any person receiving 4,312 votes should be declared elected. In reality this is precisely what we do now. If one person is to be elected we divide the total by 2—the next highest number to 1—and add 1 to the quotient.

On the first count it was found that Mr. F. J. Dixon had received over 11,000 votes, and the attorney general also had 58 votes above the 4,312. This was most interesting for, shortly before this, Mr. Dixon had been prosecuted for sedition; and it was interesting to note what was the real belief of the citizens of Winnipeg. As a matter of fact over eighty per cent of the total electors placed his name on their ballots in one place or another. And so the first count registered only two elections. But it revealed what the ultimate result would be. Since labor had 42.5 of the total votes cast it was certain that Labor would have not less than four members. The uncertain element lay in the personal choices. But already one fact stood clear. The body of organized opposition to organized labor which had called itself the "Citizens Committee" stood exposed as representing by no means the citizens as a whole, but at most a bare majority of them.

The count thus established that Mr. Dixon had received 7,000 votes more than was necessary, and therefore this surplus was distributed according to the indicated second choices. As one would expect this number when added to those recorded as a first choice for William Ivens elected him and still left a huge surplus to be distributed again. But neither

this surplus nor the small one of the Attorney General was sufficiently great for any one candidate to elect him. Therefore the next stage was to eliminate from the bottom those candidates for whom there remained no possibility of election. However, their supporters did not lose their vote, for these ballots were distributed according to the recorded second choices.

So the counting proceeded, distributing surpluses from the elected, and distributing the second votes of the hopelessly defeated until four more had been elected. This left three still to be chosen, and at last the counters found themselves with but five candidates in the field. The lower names on the list were close enough, for only fifty votes separated Mr. Tupper of the distinguished Conservative family from Mr. R. B. Russell the distinguished strike leader now in prison. The element of uncertainty lay in the way the supporters of the independent candidates would bestow their second choices; but at length this was established and after nearly forty counts Mr. Tupper took third place and Mr. Russell was eliminated. Thus as the first count indicated there were four labor members, four for the liberals, and two conservatives. Even the fraction indicated by that 42.5 percentage was represented in the uncertainty to the end as to whether the last choice would be a second conservative or a fifth labor man.

Now it is clear that this method defends the independence of the elected member. The party caucus has no terror for him for he has simply to retain the confidence of forty-three hundred voters and his position is sure. The turn over at a general election will not give us landslides which represent no corresponding change in the popular mind, but will be exactly in proportion to the actual change in the relative strength of different groups. This secures continuity with elasticity. The best method of securing representation of all classes is just this plan of Proportional Representation. Democracy depends not on making one opinion as weighty as another but on the provision of means by which the manifold thought of the community can find group expression, reached by intimate inter-action of all elements. The present effort to prevent certain elements being heard could if successful only result in explosion and in the death of democracy. A democratic decision is not found in that voice which howls down a smaller number but in that voice which expresses the result of a co-operative effort at community thinking. Because Proportional Representation provides a method by which all groups and classes may as such enter into the political fellowship of the nation, and because by so doing we may eliminate the present policy of rendering voiceless minorities of opinion, the adoption of this plan appears to be the way of safety and conservative loyalty to the constitution. ERNEST THOMAS.



THE DRAWINGS REPRODUCED ABOVE ARE THE WORK OF FRED LAMORANDIERE, AN OJIBWAY INDIAN OF SEVENTY YEARS, WHO EARNS A LIVING AS A GUIDE AND TRAPPER, AND LIVES AT THE MOUTH OF THE FRENCH RIVER, GEORGIAN BAY. WE ARE INDEBTED TO MR. PAUL HAHN OF TORONTO WHO HAS SECURED PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THEM.

A CANADIAN AT HARVARD

ALMOST the first headline that caught my eye as I opened up a newspaper on landing in Boston on the opening day of term bore these words, in the generous blackface in which the American press delights to express itself:

CALLS HARVARD A HOTBED OF BRITISH TORYISM

"This sounds reassuring," I murmured to myself as I proceeded to read the vivid report of a Friends of Irish Freedom Sunday meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston's historic market and "Cradle of Liberty",—where an Irish priest, fresh from an English jail, had with wild and turgid invective denounced Harvard University as "stinking rotten with British propaganda," an institution "bought with British gold", its professors "hirelings of Lloyd George and his Tories".

When I had become sufficiently orientated at Cambridge to read the *Crimson*—the Harvard daily—I at once encountered fresh pro-British charges. A women graduate of a neighboring college, provoked by the *Crimson* editor's indignant reply to the Faneuil Hall ebullition, had written in the "Communications Column": "The cause of Ireland is almost exactly parallel to that of the American colonies, and it is hardly possible to talk against the one without being disloyal to the other. You, Mr. Editor, prove by your very attitude the truth of the charge that Harvard is indeed a hotbed of despicable British propaganda."

Whereupon an undergraduate, of Revolutionary descent, who had served "over there", made rejoinder the following day in these words: "I know that every day Americans return from England feeling that the English are the best friends that we have in the world. . . . I hope that unhyphenated Americans will not stand silently by and allow the Irish radicals to break this bond between Britain and America, that of language, traditions, and ideals".

This expression is fairly representative of the sentiment of the average Harvard man. Such is his attitude today in the most Irish city in the world, and in the self same university which British Tories had once called "a hotbed of sedition", and whose president had offered prayer for the revolutionary troops halted at its gates on their way to Bunker Hill. If Harvard is pro-British today it is not because it is un-American but because it is un-provincial. It is the pro-Britishism of understanding, not of partisanship. Being neither a state nor a denominational institution, Harvard draws not only its student body, but its faculty as well, from wide-ranging constituencies and classes. In the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences alone over 150 univer-

sities and colleges, including some twenty-five foreign institutions, are represented, while the members of its Faculty proper include graduates of fully half a hundred universities. This does not mean that Harvard is merely miscellaneous, as is the case, for instance, with Columbia, which simply collects under one name, but not in one spirit, vast and varied quotas of academic raw material. Harvard is not so much cosmopolitan as eclectic. Aiming less at bulk than at quality of fibre, it insists upon the bachelor's degree as a *sine qua non* of admission to all its professional schools—Medicine, Engineering, and Business Administration, as well as Arts, Law, and Divinity. Applications for admission are submitted to almost as searching individual consideration as recommendations for the higher degrees. This system, or rather this method,—for system is not a cherished term at Harvard—has resulted in bringing together not only a representative but a somewhat mature body of students, who are disposed to merge localisms and even nationalisms in the larger understanding.

In this sort of atmosphere prejudice is liable to wilt. And so, while Harvard neither forgets nor deprecates the part she played in 1775, the anti-British sentiment of those days has been profoundly modified by the historical perspective of a century and a half and by the logic of intellectual honesty. The transition is all the more significant because of the very fervent partisanship of Harvard in the Revolutionary struggle. Lying on the road from Boston to Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord, Cambridge was in the very centre of conflict. It was under the great elm that still stands outside the Harvard gates that Washington first took command of the Continental Army, and it was in the college building that his men were quartered. Harvard, indeed, occupied the place, on the revolutionary side, in the War of Independence, that Oxford filled, on the Royalist side, in the English Civil War, Puritanism finding its championship in the one, its defiance in the other. And yet Harvard and Oxford could agree very well today. For after all it was not the British but the German idea that the English colonists in America contested. Burke and Chatham and the more vulgar Wilkes were fighting at home the same thing against which Washington and Adams took up arms on this side of the Atlantic. It has taken a century and a half and a world war to make the people of the United States properly realize that. Harvard men perceived it earlier.

In spite of the events of 1775 Harvard has always had a more or less sentimental connection with England. For over half a century the only college

in the New World, it had its roots as well as its name in the Old Land. As the town in which it was founded was named in affectionate memory of the old university city in the Fen country from which New Boston's earliest colonists came, so Harvard itself preserves the name of the Cambridge clergyman who bequeathed his library and half his property to this first college on American soil. A university, so rooted, which has produced men of such broad sympathies as Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and Phillips Brooks; historians like Prescott, Parkman, and Motley; statesmen like Roosevelt and Choate; and lived under presidents like Eliot and Lowell, could not fail to appreciate all that is best in British institutions, and all the best that is common to Britons and Americans. President Lowell, as General Fayolle observed in his notable address at the Harvard Union recently, was one of the first of Americans to realize and to declare that the United States must align herself with England and France in Democracy's War.

Of all Britishers, however, a Canadian feels most at home at Harvard. For it has a Canadian tradition of its own. Until recent years no American university attracted so many Canadian students as the one where Parkman did so much to give Canada a historical consciousness. The connection between Harvard and the colleges of the Maritime Provinces has been both intimate and long-standing, but of recent years the other provinces have been increasingly represented, as testified by the rolls of the Canadian Club of Harvard. For there is a very conscious Canadian Club at the University, with an organic existence of three decades. For a time it also had a visible existence in a commodious clubhouse, but the dispersal of practically all its members with the call of the war-trumpet, made it necessary to surrender the building in 1915. The Club welcomes to its membership, not only Canadian-born students, but also those who are natives or former residents of other parts of the Empire. Its gatherings are of a social rather than of a formal discussional nature, except when it is addressed by distinguished British or Canadian speakers, or when it is invited to meet with the Canadian Club of Boston. Canadian members of the Faculty with their wives entertain the Club at their homes from time to time. Canadian students at Harvard have won considerably more than their proportionate quota of academic honours, and with the inclusion of such names as Sir Frederick Borden, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir George Perley, and W. L. Mackenzie King a veritable Cabinet tradition has been established among Canadian Harvard alumni.

It has long been the custom for Classes at their twenty-fifth Reunion to make an endowment to the University. In recent years these annual class donations have rarely amounted to less than \$100,000.

At the present time a vigorous effort is being made to complete an Endowment Fund of \$15,250,000. At the opening of the present term nearly \$12,500,000 had been underwritten, with sixty per cent of Harvard graduates on the subscription list. On the eve of the Harvard-Princeton football game twenty-nine classes, from '87 to '20, held simultaneous dinners at various Boston hotels and clubs, and planned at these reunions to realize the remainder of the Endowment Fund. One class reported that 239 out of 240 members resident in Massachusetts had subscribed, while the Class of '20 reported a clean 100 per cent.

In Canada the majority of our universities are, of course, provincial institutions. Even with those which were founded independently the tendency has been to supplement their revenues with state grants. In a new country in which, almost from the outset, education has been assumed as an affair of public rather than private responsibility, it is probable that the state university will prevail as the type of our institutions of higher learning. The Ryerson system has to all appearances prevailed over the Strachan idea.

While our provincial governments may be depended upon to maintain their respective universities it is almost inevitable that they should challenge and seek to discount every demand from university governors for new capital equipment and expanding functions. The politician is disposed to regard the university as of direct benefit to a very limited number of the electorate, and to estimate its claims proportionately. On the other hand there is arising in Canada an increasing number of men of endowment potentialities who are able to appreciate the economic as well as the moral and social value of these great commonwealth universities. Along with these there is a still more rapidly increasing number of alumni who owe incomes as well as positions of influence to their publicly provided training in college professional schools. From these men, in whom lie the means, the understanding, and the obligation, the combined motives of public spirit, investment, and sentiment should call forth discriminating gifts and endowments to aid these barely supported universities of our young country. Canadian colleges are entitled to more Strathconas, Macdonalds, and Masseys. They are entitled, too, to a more loyal and united generosity from their sons and daughters than was evidenced at large, for instance, in the University of Toronto War Memorial Campaign. In these days why should not practical generosity and grateful loyalty combine in bestowing upon our great national institutions of culture and efficiency something of that spirit of devotion that enriched the classical temple and glorified the mediaeval cathedral?

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS

December Competitions

A. We offer a prize of five dollars for AN EPITAPH ON THE BOARD OF COMMERCE, in not more than 30 lines.

B. We offer a prize of five dollars for A LETTER OF ADVICE TO THE NEXT CANADIAN NOVELIST, in not more than 800 words.

All entries must reach the Competitions Editor not later than December 20, 1920.

January Competitions

A. We offer a prize of five dollar for A POEM ON THE BURIAL OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, of any length but not exceeding 50 lines.

B. We offer a prize of five dollars for AN ESSAY ON HOBBIES, in not more than 800 words.

All entries must reach the Competitions Editor not later than January 20, 1921.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the M.S. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Results of Competitions announced in November

A.—A Prize of five dollars for the best LIMERICK ON COAL.

I have a friend who affirms that one writes most readily when one has a touch of fever. Whether or not we have to be thankful for the fact that gripe was prevalent in November, certain it is that the response to the November Competitions was gratifyingly large. But if the quantity of limericks submitted was satisfactory, the quality was distinctly disappointing. Perhaps ease is not conducive to masterpieces. The limericks were of two types, those in which 'hole' was rhymed with 'coal' and the rest of the limerick left to take care of itself, and those in which coal gained distinction as part of the contents of a cellar. Two limericks showed themselves free from these prevailing tendencies, a geological specimen, and another in simpler English. We print them below.

This product of age carboniferous
Is sold at a price that's too stiff for us,
So when wintry winds blow

'Neath the blankets we'll go
Or hike for some spot caloriferous.

W. M.

There once was a maid from Regina
Who to freezing could never resign her;
She put on all her wraps,
Mittens, bedsocks and caps,
Then she said, "I will marry a miner".

WINKLE.

The prize goes to "C. D." who writes from a sanatorium where coal is apparently an unknown quantity. We print the limerick below.

The Prize Limerick

It's rather ironic a rôle
That you give me—to write about Coal,
When you know that I freeze
At thirteen degrees,
Still the thought it Exists warms my soul.

C. D.

B.—A Prize of five dollars for the best ESSAY ON COINCIDENCES, in 800 words.

For some reason this competition failed to bring a ready response from our readers. Whether they are nearly all heretics on the subject of coincidences or whether some greater attraction, such as Thurston or Pavlowa, happened to coincide with the appearance of the Competitions' Page, we are left to guess. Contributions were few and none of them were of prize rank. An illustrative story by "G. B." is worthy of mention, but just fails to be good enough for printing. His sketch is somewhat too rambling and colloquial to qualify it for a prize. We hope we will hear from him again.

The Business Manager of THE CANADIAN FORUM will be pleased to send sample copies of this number to persons whose names and addresses are forwarded by bona-fide subscribers.

It is also suggested that a year's subscription to THE CANADIAN FORUM would make a popular Christmas present, especially to Canadians resident abroad. The recent growth in the circulation of this magazine suggests that many people who have not yet seen it would be delighted to have it sent them.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present, unable to pay contributors.

All communications should be addressed to THE CANADIAN FORUM, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

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AN OPEN LETTER

This poem, a welcome token of Mr. Bliss Carman's return to health, is printed here by courtesy of his friend, Mr. Peter McArthur.

I.

A COLD, a cough, and suddenly one day a gush of red,
Then the doctors tapped and listened, with very little said.
There are some things never mentioned, as we tacitly agree;
So they called it "an involvement," and I knew they meant T.B.
"But the clear-aired North will cure you. Pack up your kit, and go.
The cold will be your doctor, and your nurse will be the snow
There is virtue in the open; there is healing out-of-doors;
The great Physician makes his rounds along the forest floors."
So they shipped me in a sleeper, with a ticket for the North—
From the city of my hopes and dreams, and all I loved on earth.
I did not want a golden throne in any lonely star,
I only wanted to be left where loving people are.
I wanted just the smiles and hands that waved me out of sight,
As we slipped beyond the station, to the tunnel and the night.

II.

At dawn I saw the dying moon get up as we went by,
And the yellow autumn larches standing cold against the sky;
And a shanty in a clearing, all desolate and lone,
As if the chill of morning had struck it to the bone.
Then a line of split rail fences, a lift of rugged hills;
And so into the great North woods I took my puny ills.

III.

On a porch that faced the morning, in a blanket on a chair,
I came into my fortune as they left me lying there—
When Adam lay in Eden and looked upon the sky,
He was master of a leisure no more absolute than I.
Here was the earth—all bleak and bare—with winter coming on,
A grim untempting battle-field for a soul's Marathon.
This was the selfsame earth which gave the shining April flowers,
The thrush's flute at twilight, and the tranquil summer hours;
Now dour and taciturn and hard, yet standing by to aid
The dauntless spirit that must prove of what stuff it is made.
One lesson here was plain; that I must learn the final worth
Of good and ill, of weal and woe, as they are named on earth.

IV.

The mountains lay around me, like giants on the trail,
Whose strength was at my service, whose patience would not fail.
The Sun was my attendant to light my morning fire;
The Night brought in my candles; what more could one require?
And one great shining planet would come before the dawn,
Over the dark blue Eastern hills, to tell me night was gone.
I watched the silent sunrise come up, and melt and change
Through mauve and saffron glory as it flooded range on range,
And rimmed the purple valleys, and tipped the peaks with fire,
Till this world seemed no more desolate, but a Land of Hearts' Desire!
New life and warmth and beauty were born there in my sight,
And all the dimming corners of my heart were filled with light.

V.

I saw across a valley the autumn rains come down,
And sweep in solemn grandeur across the forest crown;

And I thought upon the valley where each man walks alone,
 And all the trails run out and stop at the edge of the unknown.
 But I did not dread solitude, nor find those vasts forlorn
 With their enfolding silence, for I was Northern born.
 The great unbroken wilderness was all a joy to see,
 And the firs and pointed spruces were like old friends to me.
 And when I heard the whisper of the snow begin to sing,
 My heart went wild for gladness, as if it had been spring.
 Out of the gray came whirling the legions of the air,
 That dance upon the storm-wind and make the world more fair.
 All night they wrought their witch-work until the morning glow,
 When every bough was bending with blossoms of the snow.
 Then slowly very slowly, I crept out to the wild,
 With the rapture and the wonder and the footsteps of a child.

VI.

There was a wild young river—where Robert Louis heard
 The rapids brawling in the night, and with the stars conferred.
 And black between its banks of snow it ran and murmured still,
 And beside it ran the highway in the shelter of the hill.
 There day by day and yard by yard I learned to walk again,
 With the North Wind for my trainer. His ways were rough and plain,
 But he stung me into courage, and put his heart in me,
 While the silent spruces watched us and the river ran to see.
 There in that snowy woodland under the mountain side,
 The surge and lift of life came back like a returning tide.

VII.

Once when the thickening storm came down and shut the hills away,
 I saw a vision in the wood—a host that showed the way.
 They spoke no word; they were not real; but they were real to me;
 And as I looked I saw—my friends, a smiling company;
 All those who left me years ago to take the unknown trail,
 And those I left but yesterday; and they all gave me hail,
 With lighted eye and lifted hand, with wonted sign of cheer—
 "The trail is good, good all the way, and there is naught to fear!"

VIII.

There was T. R., our hero, who crossed the Last Divide,
 And left the world all leaderless when its great captain died.
 Peter, the Sage of Ekfrid; Pirie, laird of the Glen;
 Alan, a monarch of the air; and Eric, a prince of men;
 Great Mathew, with his four-score years and royal heart of youth;
 And Levi, old-school gentleman and lover of the truth;
 Good Father John, hale, merry-souled, and straight as any reed,
 Whose tender voice makes Scripture seem the word of God indeed.
 And that tall soldier of St. George, whose heart's glow through the tan
 Proclaims the captain of our faith a brother and a man;
 Brave Dr. Frank and F. P. A., those humanest of seers,
 Whose smiling wisdom helps us bear the fardel of the years.
 Familiar, with the selfless smile St. Francis might have worn,
 Came Rutger, strong with lifting his brothers overborne;
 And there my fellowcraftsmen, the Authors, in a band,
 Make haste to play their generous part, as those who understand;
 Close to their ranks a patron and patriot of Yale,
 True friend of letters and the land that is too proud to fail;
 And hospitable Shepard, who loves the murmured rhyme—
 The whisper from the soul of things mysterious and sublime.
 Hark, Rudolph Ganz! I cannot tell which rings with finer joy,
 The spell from your inspired hands or your radiance of a boy.

Joe, Louis, Willis, E. A. D., and Harry and B. J.;
 Dillon and George, my brothers in love—my pals through Judgment Day;
 Morton and Mitchell good to see, and my kinsmen Will and Ben,
 Who keep the ancient covenant that binds the hearts of men;
 And from the little country town where once I went unknown,
 Were those who set me by their hearth and made me as their own;
 The fine old man who stayed my heart with home-made talk and wine;
 And those with whom I sat at meat or walked through rain and shine;
 Billy, the music master—his genius free at last;
 Great Reedy, no more troubled now—his final proof-sheets passed;
 And Alfred, matchless playfellow, who helped me pitch my tent
 Among wild roses and sweet grass, where we found heart's content;
 Perry, my lad from overseas, with proffer of his best—
 Grown from a kiddie on my knee to powers none had guessed.
 And who are these with modest mien, yet aureoled with light,
 Whose paths are like the gleaming trail of meteors through the night?
 O'er pampering and ignorance lies their unresting way,
 Bearing reprieve—the doctors come with cure for all dismay.

IX.

And women—Glory be to God, who looked upon his earth
 When it was all but finished, and marked one lack of worth;
 And gave it for full measure brimmed over, and above
 All dream or understanding, the grace of woman's love!
 God's happy thought for Eden, the sheer unmeasured good,
 Incarnate faith and fondness, in beauty there they stood.

X.

High overhead within the storm there grew a wondrous scroll,
 Inscribed in characters of light revealed as clouds unroll.
 And Oh! the names, bright lists of those whom I had never known!
 I want the hands that fit those names to hold within my own;
 And see the light of brotherhood from all those faces shine,
 Attesting their high lineage from Mercy, the divine.

XI.

The snowshoes of my boyhood I harnessed on with joy—
 And with them the excitement and illusions of a boy.
 With the creaking of the snowshoe came back the limber stride,
 As I swung across the meadow and along the mountain side.
 Gay shadows from the balsams stole out to walk with me—
 Friendship and Hope and Joyousness—no other eyes could see.
 Through the wilderness all sparkling and powdery with snow
 We kept the pace together, as we kept it long ago,
 Till beyond the bounds of exile, with new life to explore,
 Aglow on a far-seeing height I stood—a man once more.

BLISS CARMAN.

The Adirondacks, 1919-20.

ENTER MARTIN LUTHER

ON the afternoon of Sunday, the twenty-third day of the tenth month of the year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty, I was led by the good hand of Providence (and an advertisement in the daily press) to attend a meeting at which the hero of the Diet of Worms was to lecture on "The Reform of Modern Religion." The meeting was opened with prayer, delivered by Mr. Louis Benjamin, whose freedom of speech Godward was arresting even in this age of the "direct method".

Written questions of a non-personal character were then invited. These were to be answered by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, who would take up a temporary abode in the medium. Mr. Benjamin at once prepared to leave. Music was invoked. David skilfully played the devil out of Saul: a young lady, clad in red, skilfully played Mr. Hubbard into Mr. Benjamin. Encouraged by the strains of her violin, Mr. Benjamin submitted himself to the influence of some weird power, and soon gave unmistakable

evidence of the impending change. While the audience watched with tense interest, not unmingled with awe, the shoulders of the medium, who stood between two solitary lights, began to heave, his head was now jerked sideways, now thrown back, and heavy, sibilant sighs escaped his lips. Meantime the chairman, all unmoved, had sorted out a few questions; and, aware, whether by intuition or by reason of certain physical tokens, that Mr. Elbert Hubbard had arrived, put them to the medium. "How," ran one of them, "can there be so much pain in the world, if there is a God of love?" Mr. Hubbard betrayed no hesitation. The answer was easy: You see things quite differently from the Twentieth Plane (five hundred miles distant); and, besides, every time a child is born, has not intense suffering to be borne? The explanation, I felt, would prove a great comfort to the mouse when mangled by the cat. It also occurred to me that Mr. Hubbard might have availed himself of the opportunity to pay a graceful tribute to the sufferings of Mr. Benjamin.

Strongly as we realized that this was at once interesting and edifying, we were eagerly waiting for Martin Luther. And though, owing to delay in the opening of the meeting, he must have been kept in suspense, he came. Mr. Benjamin, suddenly returning to himself, had collapsed into a chair, but the lady of the violin—with something like cruelty, I thought—stept forward again; whereupon, exhibiting the same signs of physical distress as before, he made way for the reformer. I was disappointed at not hearing the translator of the Bible speak in his own tongue, but it had been explained at an earlier stage that beings of the Twentieth Plane (five hundred miles distant) only think to one another. And certainly, as far as the substance of Luther's remarks was concerned, it mattered little that it came through the grammar, pronunciation, voice, and accent of Mr. Benjamin.

"Sludge would introduce
Milton composing baby rhymes, and Locke
Reasoning in gibberish, Homer writing Greek
In noughts and crosses, Asaph setting Psalms
To crotchet and quaver",

but no such nonsense came through our medium. Luther spoke quite sensibly. True, I did miss something of the vigour and originality that reveal themselves even in the printed page, but I remembered the poems that Shakespeare sent recently to the American lady, and had to admit, with infinite regret, that life on any other plane than ours is detrimental to intellectual activity.

After referring to his Ninety-five Theses, Luther,

speaking with Mr. Benjamin's loud voice, proclaimed that the corroding influence in modern religion was the faultiness of our economic system. "Who," he cried, "are the men you appoint to high position in the Church? The rich! Everyone knows that the poor man finds neither promotion nor welcome in your religious assemblies."

Two friends I had with me, one a sculptor, the other a musician, and I, a teacher, felt that Martin's diatribe was beginning to touch us too closely; so, leaving our hard and narrow seats, we slipped away through the darkened hall. Questions of a personal nature being disallowed, I was unable to discover what arrangements had been made for Luther's attendance at the theatre, and whether it would be possible for him to speak simultaneously, on the same subject or on different subjects, at the Albert Hall in London, the Hippodrome in Paris, and St. Peter's in Rome.

I confess I was just a little disappointed that Sunday afternoon. No doubt Mr. Benjamin and his friends are doing their best for us, and one may readily believe that free communication with the Twentieth Plane (five hundred miles distant) might heal our ecclesiastical divisions and put an end to war among the nations; but one must sorrowfully admit that in these days there is a marked falling-off in thaumaturgic ability. God forbid that anyone should cheat us, as Alexander, for example, cheated the people with his serpents! But could we not have something in the older style? It is not so very long since three women raised eight unborn kings, and in an earlier age the woman "that had a familiar spirit at Endor" had simply to say to her client: "Whom shall I bring up?" I desired greatly to see Luther, and, indeed, was haunted by the pleasing dread that his burly form might suddenly roll in from behind the dark-coloured curtains of the stage. I should like to get from his own lips further particulars of the Devil and the Inkwell, and to ask for an introduction to Catherine von Bora and the six little Luthers. And should the capacious urn ever shake me out a meeting with the reformer, be it on earth or on the Twentieth Plane (five hundred miles distant)—which God grant I may one day reach—I will ask him his candid opinion of Mr. Benjamin's inside.

D. DUFF.

The Royal Canadian Academy

THE Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition this year is better than it has been for many years. The general standard of the work is high, there are, of course, "regrettable incidents", but they

are inevitable and there are an unusual number of pictures of real interest. As usual, the clear division of Canadian Art into "Portrait" and "Landscape" is noticeable. There are almost no strictly imaginative pictures and those there are are not very successful. The creative imagination of our painter has been turned to landscape and, in this field, is producing the most interesting work of the day, but one may be allowed to hope that some day a revolt will take place against the overwhelming importance of landscape in today's picture painting.

To come to the present exhibition, the official portrait is not always also a picture, but Mr. Varley's portrait of Mr. Chester D. Massey, from Hart House, not only looks a good portrait, but is a fine picture. Mr. Massey is comfortably seated, with the light coming slightly from behind, giving strong modelling to the features. The background is a shimmering yellow and the figure shows against it in silhouette. This gives a good monumental effect, so that the picture is not only pleasant from near at hand, but carries well even at the full length of the exhibition rooms. This is a very thorough work, well painted and of original quality.

Mr. Cullen is perennially fresh. His *Winter* shows what can be found in the Canadian woods and his *September Moon*, with its soft, deep colour, shows that Mr. Cullen is not a one-idea man. But Mr. Cullen has his place secure. His renderings of the winter woods, in greys and soft blacks, are full of imagination and mystery, and are backed by solid knowledge.

In *The Lake of Bays, Ontario*, Mr. Palmer has caught the suppressed colour of an evening after rain. This is one of the most successful landscapes in the exhibition. It is worth while comparing it with Mr. F. H. Johnston's large picture *Beaver Haunts*. Both are low in tone, both are Canadian lakes, both prefer richness to brightness of colour, both are good and quite different. If we include in our comparison Mr. Frank Carmichael's *An Autumn Hillside* with its strong contrasts of bright colour at the one extremity and Mr. Cullen's *Winter* at the other, we have a complete scale of ascending colour, a series of graduated interpretations from the same original theme. There is certainly abundant material in the Canadian woods.

Mr. Johnston's exhibits, in tempera have the sparkle of that medium. *Wild Cherry and Live Forever* is very attractive.

The so-called "advanced school" are well to the fore and the hanging committee have wisely hung a number of their works on the large wall facing the staircase where they can be seen at a little distance. These painters have an ideal which is not that of the older men, and to hang their works amongst those of the older men is cruel to both. It must always be the weakness of any general exhibition that the conflict of ideals is more apt to strike the

casual observer than the quality of the ideals themselves. We are too apt to condemn one, or the other, if, for instance Mr. Arthur Lismer gets hung beside Mr. Bell-Smith.

As they are here hung, these boldly painted pictures can show their qualities much more easily than can similar pictures hung in the other rooms. The colour of this wall stands out in the Exhibition. Oh that the walls of some public building were available! Painting might here in Canada take its proper place as an art of Public Life, for we seem to have the painters.

The individual pictures are interesting. Mrs. Eva Brook Donly's two flowerpieces are quite minutely painted and very clever. Of Mr. Carmichael's *Autumn Hillside* mention has already been made. Miss McGillivray's *At the Edge of the Grove, Whitby* is good in tone and value. Mr. Arthur Lismer's *Rock and Water* is very, very bold, and Miss Mabel Lockerly's *In the Garden* has an interesting mediaeval quality. But all these painters seem to be in conflict with the old convention of the panel picture. They really should have fifty feet square to work on. Take, for instance, Mr. Jackson's *Winter, Georgian Bay*. A whole wall of this would be splendid. As a panel picture in a gold frame it is not satisfactory. The "advanced school" have not yet really got their chance.

But one question must be answered. Will any picture last which has so rough a surface as say Mr. Lismer's *Logging, Nova Scotia*? This is not a question of artistic merit, but of craftsmanship and of proper respect for our children. The paint in these pictures often stands up in sharp ridges of almost a quarter of an inch. This may give a quality of sparkle, but, as dirt accumulates in the crevices the effect will be lost. We are suffering for similar sins of our fathers. Every picture of the XIX century painted with bitumen is ruined today, and our painters have rightly abandoned bitumen. Are they not sinning in another direction today? It does seem that any picture intended to live beyond the walls of an exhibition should have a cleanable surface. This defect may be part of the unconscious quarrel with the small panel picture, a form imposed by past generations who painted more smoothly and it is probable that the forced technique would vanish if the painter had to cover a large enough space. At present the paint is a little "out of scale".

Mr. Harry Britton's two large water colours, *Dutch Boats* and *Mild Weather*, are the only works in this medium that call for particular mention. They are hung amongst the oil paintings but quite hold their own. They are well handled, fresh and good in colour.

Mr. Herbert Raine shows a number of etchings and pencil sketches from the Province of Quebec. The etcher is still too much neglected here and Mr.

Raine is fighting in a good cause. His work advances steadily year by year. Mr. A. S. Carter's illumination is an example of an art even more neglected than etching. It is good in design, colour and craftsmanship if possibly a little archaic. It is worth more attention than it is likely to get. Mr. F. S. Haines sends four aquatints, three in colour, which are interesting examples of a delicate process.

A special word of praise must be given to the hanging committee. This is the best hung Academy for many years.

RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

The Heretic

JEAN PATERSON, from the mature age of six years and nine months, with every intention of being kind, could not help conveying to Billy Watkins, who had only lived six years and five months in this wicked world, an overwhelming sense of his own immaturity and inexperience.

Billy admired Jean speechlessly. He said it with all-day suckers and other precious things. Jean was not fat and podgy and flaxen-haired. Her slim black-stockinged legs twinkled adorably. She had a slim black pig-tail with a red bow that whisked about enchantingly as she danced to school. Billy was square and solid, with two big freckles on his pudgy nose, and a slow reluctant smile.

But a cloud lay on Billy's horizon. He dreaded the approach of Christmas. The rift within the lute had opened last year when he had refused to accompany Jean to the annual ritual of the great Santa Claus procession that wound yearly up the sacred street from the great house of Cardwell. Jean's suspicions of his strict orthodoxy had been aroused, but a providential cold which had kept him from school for two days of first-class tobogganing weather had changed her suspicions into pity.

"Billy Watkins", said Jean, in the intervals of sucking one of Billy's weekly offerings, "will you come with me and see Santa Claus on Monday?"

The sword of Damocles had fallen. Billy stood dumb, shifting from foot to foot in mortal agony, fumbling unthinkingly with the chestnuts in his trouser pocket. Jean's voice took on a sharper note of expostulation as she repeated her question. Billy knew that his hour had come. He must confess his faith and pay the price. Slowly and stubbornly, as Jean pierced him for the third time with her insistence, he muttered, "That isn't the real Santa Claus, father says so".

Speechless with righteous horror Jean flashed her lightnings upon him. Then, "Billy Watkins, you're a wicked story! He is the really Santa Claus! I hate you. Here, take your horrid sucker!" and as Billy's hands remained glued in his pockets she cast the symbol of his deathless affection into the gutter and stamped, yes, stamped twice in holy rage.

That afternoon Jean walked home with Sidney Bloggs, who wore a velvet suit with white collar and cuffs, and put out her tongue, her lovely little pink

tongue, at Billy as she passed him glowering dumbly.

On Monday Billy could hear the shouts of the enthusiastic devotees as the false Santa Claus passed up the streets, showering gifts upon his deluded votaries.

On Tuesday Billy took up his station at the corner of Wellington and Main to see the real Santa Claus, guaranteed genuine by his father's word, pass up from the rival establishment of Robinson's.

The crowd was smaller, the adherents of the true faith were a little remnant compared with the throngs that worshipped the false god, but their enthusiasm was sincere and undoubted. For a brief hectic moment Billy forgot his martyr's crown and shouted himself hoarse. Then just as the triumphal chariot passed, the eye of Santa Claus beamed upon him, upon him, Billy Watkins; the hand of Santa Claus waved unmistakably to him, and tossed a mysterious gift towards him. Billy forgot all the maternal injunctions to keep on the side-walk and dived for the parcel. Something hit him hard. He felt sick and dazed; he was lying on the street with a horrid pain in his leg, and someone was picking him up gently, while a throng of curious peering faces surrounded him. Then came sudden ecstasy. The ring broke and the very Santa Claus, for whose sake he had suffered so sorely, was holding him, carrying him, and whispering in a voice which seemed strangely familiar, "Billy, Billy-boy, say you're not hurt, it's daddy!" He tried to smile and then forgot about things in general.

He woke up in his own small bed. He couldn't move his leg, but otherwise he felt jolly. He had a sense of discovery, a general feeling of lightness. His mother opened the door, and said, "Billy, would you like to see a little girl who is very sorry for you?" Behind her Jean sidled shyly in and came up to his bed. She had a parcel in her hands. His mother slipped out again. Jean looked sideways at Billy. Billy looked straight at Jean and smiled his slow smile. Jean edged a little nearer the bed and put her parcel at the foot of it. Then she twisted her fingers and looked sideways at Billy again. Billy continued to smile invitingly.

"Billy," she began stumbly, "I'm ever and ever so sorry." Then she dropped to a whisper, "Billy, it was, it was—all because you didn't believe in the real Santa Claus. He was real, I saw him, he gave me that, and I brought it for you, just to show." She broke off and waited. Billy said nothing, there was nothing to say, he only smiled. Then his mother came in and carried Jean off.

Billy lay and looked at the parcel she had left. He didn't want to open it. A glow of pity crept over him. He forgave her for walking home with Sidney Bloggs. How could she know what he knew? She couldn't help it. Billy lay still and hugged himself with the inward satisfaction of the true believer. He *knew* the real Santa Claus.

THE GARGOYLE.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Idea of Progress, by J. B. Bury (Macmillan). This latest work by Professor Bury, an inquiry into the "Origin and Growth" of the idea of progress, is historical rather than analytical. To its learning, its penetration, its high impartiality, were not the name of its author sufficient, its pages would bear ample witness. The appositeness of such an enquiry to-day needs no urging. For the past half century the varied currency of 'progress' has been as widespread and as widely accepted as Western Civilization itself. The war brought not merely to the philosophers but to all questionings as to whether there had not been an over issue of this currency; its value depreciated; its very basis was questioned. Examination of the way in which this currency of progress arose becomes as timely as examination of the coinage itself. No such attempt to describe the growth of the idea of the progress had ever been made before in English, and only recently in French. The latter is perhaps the more remarkable since it is inevitably and naturally French thought, in the main, though not solely, which has moulded and disseminated the idea.

Progress is not merely a western, it is also a modern concept. The idea of definite, or indefinite, future growth and advancement was alien to classical civilisations despite isolated references in Seneca or Lucretius. Nor did mediaevalism find a place for the idea. The escape from barbarism was too vivid, too near, was indeed too incomplete. The Providence of God had saved society but for the next world rather than for this. Nor did the earlier Renaissance, with one foot in the middle ages and its face turned towards Greece, conceive of it. Bodin, in the second half of the sixteenth century could argue that mankind had, on the whole, progressed up to his own day. But not until the next century, after Francis Bacon, still without belief in the unlimited development of mankind and believing himself to be living in the 'old age' of the world, had further freed thought from classical influences and—more important—taught that knowledge and scientific development were valuable because of their use to humanity, could a theory of progress be shaped. This was largely the work of Descartes. Scientific thought now freed from both Classical and Providential formulae could add the necessary foundation of a belief in the invariability of the laws of nature. To the reasoned belief that their own age was more 'advanced' than that of the Greeks and Romans was added a clear enunciation of the dogma that advancement would not cease, but would continue indefinitely. Not merely in knowledge, argues the Abbé St. Pierre, but also in happiness. The eighteenth century philosophers developed and elaborated the

idea, drawing implication therefrom—e.g. that "The human race is what we wish to make it", by education and government human perfectibility can be attained. Rousseau may deny the fact of progress to his own day yet believed in the idea, and in fact helped largely to bring about the great experiment in progress at the end of the century. Condorcet whilst awaiting death under this experiment, could yet champion the cause of progress and proclaim his belief in "the advance of the human species towards truth and happiness," based on his view of past history and the influence of the equality which the Revolution was to bring.

The failure of the French Revolution to achieve the perfection of human society was, in general, far from discrediting a belief in progress. It rather set men searching for a "law" of progress which should give the belief a scientific basis, the work of St. Simon and Comte. History as popularised by Guizot and Buckle was subject to a general law of progress. Meanwhile the evidence of material progress following the Industrial Revolution, first in England and then in France, persuaded more than the writings of philosophers or historians. And the ills which accompanied that revolution provided matter for the new study of Sociology and for the Socialist to whom progress, even perfectibility were attainable by state organization and regulation: "The city of gold" was to him "situated just round the promontory."

The publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* and the acceptance of the Theory of Evolution marked the last stage of the development of our idea of progress. It needed but the application of the theory to sociology and ethics to argue that, in Spencer's words, "The ultimate development of the ideal man is logically certain always towards perfection is the mighty movement". This was the optimistic view of evolution; it could be, and has been, interpreted in the opposite sense. Yet of its general and popular acceptance in the optimistic sense by the generation which followed Darwin there is no doubt. Progress and Civilisation—our civilisation—became synonymous terms; it was a comfortable doctrine for, on the whole, a comfortable world: it brought an elevating responsibility for posterity. But will it last? Dr. Bury, and he is of course not alone, is not so sure. We have escaped or emerged by the efforts of the rationalists and the growth of science from the illusion of finality to the "dogma" of Progress. "But if we accept the reasonings on which the dogma of Progress is based, must we not carry them to their full conclusion? In escaping from the illusion of finality, is it legitimate to exempt that dogma itself? Must it not, too, submit to its own

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negation of finality? Will not that process of change, for which Progress is the optimistic name, compel 'Progress' too to fall from the commanding position in which it is now, with apparent security, enthroned?"

R. F.

The Romantic, by May Sinclair (Macmillan). There are, out of "the monstrous regiment of women" whose prolific pens give birth to the yearly brood of novels that go to feed the all-devouring maw of an uncritical public, four names that stand out by themselves—May Sinclair, Ethel Sidgwick, Dorothy Richardson, and Rose Macaulay. To any of their work that appears we give the same serious attention that we give to a new novel by H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, Hugh Walpole, or Compton Mackenzie. They all have 'the innocent eye', they see things freshly. Their technique is original, even exciting. They have a power of psychological analysis possessed by hardly any save the best of our men novelists. Of the four, Miss Sinclair, with her philosopher's cloak, is most strongly attracted by the unusual, the abnormal, in mental life.

The day of the authoritative, ex-cathedra review is gone, long ago. Your modern reviewer can find sermons in stones and good in everything, and this is wise, because nowadays most reviewers write novels and most novelists write reviews. But now, with no novel of my own hanging in the offing, I am going to say quite frankly that I don't like Miss Sinclair's last novel, *The Romantic*. I doubt whether Mr. Chesterton would find it satisfactory as regards the Athanasian creed, and its utter lack of mediaeval leanings would not commend it to Mr. Belloc. But my own private quarrel is on quite other grounds. I am a romantic at heart. It is my private secret. John Trenchard, Lord Jim, Tom Lingard, of such is the Kingdom of Romance. They dream dreams, see visions, they know that you cannot touch a flower without troubling of a star. I sit in a corner in the dark and hug myself in silence in their company. I dream their dreams after them. Of course your Romantic always gives himself away, that is part of the game.

Now, I expected from the title that I was about to add another to my company. I was ready to forgive a shady past, to overlook much in the manner of his upbringing, if only he proved to be of the company.

It seems to me that Miss Sinclair has really laid herself open to an action for libel. Her 'Romantic' turns out to be nothing else but a degenerate, an unspeakably horrible degenerate. In the effort of the life-force, or what ever 'It' may be called, to right the defect of this congenital degeneracy, John Conway, 'The Romantic', save the mark, commander of a Red Cross unit, commits the basest crimes and is finally shot in the back by the servant of a Belgian

officer whom he is in the act of abandoning. Miss Sinclair's psychological analysis is as penetrating as ever, her descriptive style as crisp and trenchant as ever, but—but, the book is simply distasteful to me, with all its forcefulness. John Conway is artistically inadequate; I gladly abandon him to the psycho-therapists and forget him.

S. H. H.

The Conquering Hero, by John Murray Gibbon (S. B. Gundy, Toronto). In this somewhat hectic tale, the hero, Donald McDonald, late sergeant in the C.E.F. divides the interest with the far more romantic and striking figure of the Princess Stephanie Sobieska,—a movie star, but yet a real Princess, with a sad story in her past, and a great zeal for her dead husband's country, Poland. The story passes—not without tiresome digressions—from New Brunswick, where we see Donald as a guide, to New York whither he follows the Princess and her party to recover his D.C. medal, thence to his farm in a lovely British Columbia valley. Here our hero meets and woos his ideal maiden—"low-heeled shoes and her waist at least 33'"—but the Princess comes on the scene again, rather overshadowing the younger heroine.

One could wish that the author had made more of his opportunity to dwell on the loveliness of the scenes where his story is laid. He has not the attitude of the real lover of out-of-doors, nor have his campers. "Sports" who demand alligator pears and caviare in a New Brunswick camp leave much to be desired. But we can forgive them this much more easily than their sneers at the flapjack and bacon diet sacred to these woods.

On the whole, this loosely-constructed narrative is certain to please the reader who prefers the main emphasis on incident rather than on characterization, and who likes an easy journalistic style.

L. T. R.

British History Chronologically Arranged, 55 B.C.—A.D. 1919. European History Chronologically Arranged A.D. 476—1920, by Arthur Hassall (The Macmillan Co. of Canada). The many who have found Mr. Hassall's *European History* a valuable tool in their working library will welcome the new edition, which brings the work up to 1920, and the very satisfactory companion arrangement of *British History*. One or two minor typographical errors have crept into the latter, such as one on page 37 which places the Battle of Brunanburh in 637 instead of 937, but on the whole, the careful character of all Mr. Hassall's work is maintained. The arrangement in parallel columns is very useful and the summaries appended are discriminatingly chosen. The explanatory notes reveal the experienced teacher. These are frankly chronological handbooks, but they are not merely so.

J. R.

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The Rise of Co-operation in Canada

To the Editor of the CANADIAN FORUM,

Dear Sir:—

The very interesting and important subject of Co-operation in Canada dealt with in the article by Mr. C. B. Sissons in your first number prompts me, as one who has followed the movement carefully for some years, to offer a few observations with regard to the history of its development in the Dominion.

It is a little unfortunate that the author should give the impression, whether it was his intention to do so or not, that the co-operative movement should have started with the foundation of the Sydney Mines Co-operative Association in 1905. As a matter of fact the first association was formed in 1861 at Stellarton, in Nova Scotia, and to this day the Union Co-operative Association is in existence and prospering. Between that date and 1900 ten co-operative associations were formed in Nova Scotia, one in Quebec and four in Ontario, to say nothing of the numerous little stores started by the Patrons of Husbandry and the Patrons of Industry. Of all these the Stellarton Association is the sole survivor. There are, really, two distinct periods of co-operative activity in Canada, the earlier which had practically died away by the beginning of the present century, and the later which coincides with the founding of the Co-operative Union of Canada, and owes its inception in very large measure if not wholly to the unwearying efforts of Mr. George Keen of Brantford.

The fact is, and we must face the situation frankly, the co-operative system, generally named after the famous Rochdale example, is not altogether suited to the native Canadian genius, and finds its support almost entirely in English immigrants who brought their faith with them from the old land. It is an interesting reflection that every country works out its own phase of co-operative effort. The Englishman and the Scot excel in the co-operative retail association, the German in the co-operative credit association, and the Canadian and American in the farmer's co-operative elevator and selling association. It is very questionable if the Rochdale system is suited to the Canadian temperament; the wrecks of little co-operative societies which strew the Dominion from coast to coast seem to suggest unmistakably that it is not. The Canadian must advance along the lines best suited to his genius, and the notable

success of the farmers' associations indicates that in them lies the distinctively Canadian and American contribution to the principles of co-operation.

It is also very doubtful indeed if the co-operative lending societies inaugurated by M. Alphonse Desjardines have any great future outside the Province of Quebec or the French speaking districts of Ontario. Their spirit is eminently suited to the French-Canadian temperament, and as Mr. Sissons very truly says, they are doing most admirable work in the Province of Quebec.

I do not wish to appear pessimistic or to disparage the self-sacrificing efforts of such notable co-operators as Mr. John Mitchell of Stellarton, Mr. Carter of Guelph or of my very respected friends Mr. Keen of Brantford and M. Desjardins. But we must be careful not to force a movement which is by its nature unsuited to Canadian conditions in general. Many of the little societies have done most excellent work, and are still doing it. Several of the Nova Scotian associations were in business for many years and were a great boon to their members, as are their successors to the present day.

In conclusion permit me to make two slight corrections. M. Desjardins founded his first Caisse Populaire at Levis in 1900, not in 1890 as the article states. The largest store in Canada at the present time is not that at Sydney Mines but the Workmen's Co-operative Association at Nanaimo, B.C. I may perhaps usefully add that the early history of the Co-operative movement in Canada is to be found outlined briefly in Bulletin 18 of the Department of Political and Economic Science of Queen's University.

Yours truly,

McMaster University,
Toronto.

H. MICHELL.

[While appreciating the criticism of Mr. Michell, a recognized authority on co-operation, I am still unrepentant.

There was really nothing in my article to suggest that I regarded the co-operation movement in Canada as having commenced with the foundation of the Sydney Mines Association. The plan, as definitely stated, was to give a "fair idea of the spread of the movement by three sketches of different co-operative societies". Sydney Mines afforded an example of co-operation applied successfully to retail business; the Levis bank served to illustrate successful co-operative banking, while the Brant Farmers' Society was one of a considerable number of prosperous co-operative organizations buying farm supplies and selling farm produce. I might have given a detailed historical account of the early struggles and frequent failures of co-operative enterprises, replete with dates and

figures, but chose not to do so. Too often our generation asks for bread and receives statistics.

Mr. Michell warns against forcing the movement. No one will dispute the wisdom of a policy of caution. But he goes further, and expresses grave doubts as to whether the Rochdale system is suited to the Canadian temperament. Later he uses a safer phrase when he speaks of the movement as "by nature unsuited to Canadian conditions in general". I hesitate to quarrel with Mr. Michell so long as he keeps to economics, but when he digresses into psychology and speaks of temperaments in general and a specific Canadian temperament I will not walk with him. The explanation of past failures, I submit, must be sought not in the mysterious realm of temperament but in such patent conditions as a heterogeneous and constantly shifting population in our urban centres and the fact that in a new country people are allured by speculative profits and overlook small savings. Or to quote from Mr. Michell's article on the People's Banks in the Province of Quebec appearing in 1914 in the *Economic Review* "perhaps men were too busy each trying to gain his own ends as quickly as possible". However, nothing is more characteristic of the pioneer life of this country than neighborliness, and co-operation is merely organized community spirit.

I thank Mr. Michell for calling attention to an error of date. It was in December 1900 that M. Desjardins organized the first People's Bank. Earlier in my article it was stated that this was twenty years ago. M. Desjardins lived to see his experiment a great success, and died twenty years, less a month, after it was launched. Statistics published by the Co-operative Union places the sales of the Sydney Mines Society for the Year 1919 at \$1,011,007.87, and those of the Workman's Co-operative Association of Nanaimo at \$62,823.48. C. B. Sissons.]

Domestic Discontent

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN FORUM;
Sir:

The article on "Domestic Discontent" which appeared in the November number of THE CANADIAN FORUM I read with much interest, a little sympathy and some amusement. I don't wish to pose as one who has solved the domestic problem, but I do believe that "meaningless routine becomes a joyous rite" when we realize that the result of all our work is the making of a happy home and the bringing up of healthy, happy children. Making a home and bringing up a family is bound to involve a great deal of thought and work which may be monotonous, and will leave little leisure for a house-wife—but what are we out for? To live for ourselves, or to live for others? The making of a home and all the necessary work it involves is more important than

pursuing our intellectual desires—and the work is necessary, because the average man cannot afford to have the laundry and sewing done outside—and supposing he *could* afford to buy most of his food ready cooked it would probably not be so nourishing as good food well cooked at home. It is better to make a good, plain pudding at home, than buy one from the bakery and spend the time saved in reading.

To live in "The world of books and music and friendship" would be delightful and could easily be accomplished if one were single—but a home and husband and children demand a great deal of one's time, and the delightful world of books etc. must be relegated to a secondary place it is all a question of values.

Domestic problems have been partially solved by early rising, thinking ahead, and being methodical—it is surprising how one can find time for reading and friendly visits, if one is methodical in one's work. A house-wife and mother *must* live a self-sacrificing life—and even if some of the really unnecessary work is cut out most of her time must be given to home and family. We must hold things in the right proportion—home duties must take up most of a house-wife's time—intellectual pursuits, delightful as they are, must not be allowed to interfere with our domestic duties.

Yes, all women, educated and also uneducated, may follow the Great Reformer, Christ, who "pleased not Himself".

Yours truly,

HOUSE-WIFE.

[No doubt there will be wide difference of opinion as to the best means of making home-life healthy and happy. The starting point in the discussion was the present situation produced by (1) women better educated than ever before, (2) domestic help scarcer and more expensive than ever before. There is a dilemma here which it is better to face than to shun. The problem cannot be solved by ignoring the fact that interests and powers have been developed in women such as demand continued exercise, if there is to be serenity of mind. If self-sacrifice is the whole story for women, it is better not to open for them the doors of a mental life which, it must be confessed, exists for its own inherent value. If the education of women is a good thing, then it is worth while to consider how domestic life can be ordered so as to make it easier for women to be serene in mind. The atrophy of vital interests is a loss not only to the woman herself but to her home and to the community, and cannot be upheld as an ideal. I entirely agree with Housewife that the margin of time left for such interests can never become more than a margin. But that only increases the urgency of making the very most of it, and even of stealing a little extra from the jam, M. A. F.]

TRADE AND INDUSTRY

	August 1920	Sept. 1920	Oct. 1920	Nov. 1920	Nov. 1919
Wholesale Prices ¹	274.4	254.5	242.1	233.1	257.1
(Michell)					
Family Budget.....	\$26.60	\$26.38	\$26.46	\$22.99
(Labour Gazette)					
Volume of Employment ²	107.9	108.1	107.5	104.3
(Employment Service of Canada)					
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities ³	122.9	116.6	113.3	108.4	134.5
(Michell)					

¹Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

²Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

³The following common stock quotations are included:—Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

NOVEMBER has been the most serious month for the people of Canada since the fall in prices began last June. The figures for the middle of November show a contraction in employment of more than 3% during the previous month and will probably be followed by a further contraction in December.

How widespread unemployment is at present, we do not know. We have no returns from Trade Unions later than the September figures. The percentage of organized workers unemployed in all Canada at the end of September 1920 was 3.25—a comparatively small one. But there was serious local unemployment in certain industries and places. In British Columbia one-seventh of the organized workers in the metal trades were out of work. In Ontario almost a quarter of the organized glass bottle blowers were unemployed, and more than a quarter of organized workers in the leather trades. The returns from Quebec showed the most serious condition of all, and indicated that half the organized clothing workers of that province were also idle.

Uppermost in the minds of business men is the question, How long can the present situation last?

It is one which in varying degrees is constantly repeating itself. But the present fall is almost without precedent. Professor Michell estimates that in the six months between May and November, wholesale prices declined here by nearly 22%. This compares as follows with the price movement in Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States during two previous depressions. The years 1893 and 1907 have been taken as bases for comparison.

	CANADA (Dept. of Labour)	UNITED KINGDOM (Economist)	UNITED STATES (Bradstreet's)
1893	100.0	100.0	100.0
1894	93.5	94.2	89.1
1895	92.9	91.0	85.8
1896	87.1	88.2	78.8
1907	100.0	100.0	100.0
1908	95.7	97.3	90.0
1909	96.5	98.5	95.7
1910	98.4	102.9	101.0

In no case was the initial break in wholesale prices comparable with that of 1920: but even after 1893 and 1907, recovery was slow. In the former case prices continued for four years to decline. It is clear that though there may be a temporary recovery in wholesale prices we have no warrant for supposing that a permanent recovery is at hand. Business men generally must face the prospect of an unsteady downward sag of prices for a considerable time.

Why has the decline been so rapid?

A complicating condition of to-day is inflation of the world's currency. For the true parallel to this we must go back far beyond 1893. The present state is more likely to resemble conditions in the United States after the Civil War and in the United Kingdom after Waterloo.

The Aldrich Report has measured the fluctuations after 1865, which is here taken as a base.

WHOLESALE PRICES: UNITED STATES

1865	100.0
1866	88.1
1867	79.9
1868	74.0

During the Napoleonic Wars prices reached their maximum in 1809, and declined till 1815. The rise after 1815 closely resembles that which followed the Armistice two years ago. Reaction came and the course of prices was as follows:

WHOLESALE PRICES: UNITED KINGDOM (Jevons)

1818	100.0
1819	85.0
1820	78.2
1821	71.4

Only the barest hints can be gleaned from this look backwards. We may meet with better luck than our forbears under similar conditions. But only those who face facts squarely can claim to have deserved it.

G. E. JACKSON

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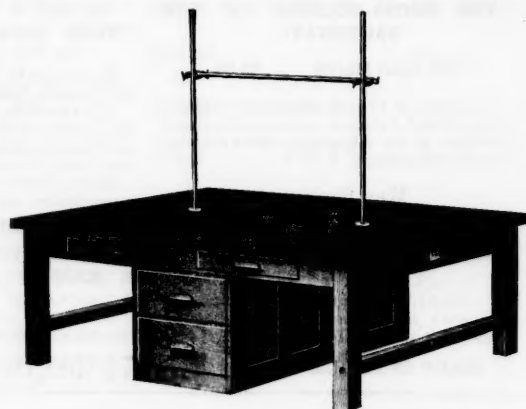
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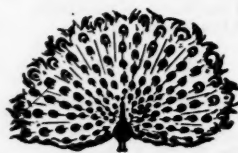
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